

# PUBLIC



# LEDGER

WEEKLY REPUBLICAN—1857  
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER—1892

MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1912.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

O, what happens Saturday night—  
Some go flirting and some get tight;  
Some to market and some to shows,  
Some where music in soft tones flows;  
Some where glasses clinking clear  
Some where shadows are dark and drear.  
Some to gladness and some to blight—  
O, what happens on Saturday night?

O, what happens when toll is done  
Until the rising of Monday's sun  
Some with music of heartbeat wild  
Go out walking with little child,  
Some come over the river to see  
The city bright with its lights of glee;  
Some go down to the busy ships,  
All aboard for the homeward trips,  
Bearing them off to the homes of light—  
O, what happens on Saturday night?

O, what happens when all astir  
By holiday music and every broast  
Sweetens down to the dream of rest;  
Some so merry and some so sad,  
Some so noble and some so bad,  
Some to dancing and some to tears,  
O, what happens through all the years!



LET UNCLE SAM  
GIVE YOU THE FACTS

Government reports show the steady output of coal during the last few months has made the dealers push for wider markets. We are going to get more trade—your trade—by giving you a greater value for your money. You will never get out of debt unless you buy wisely.

MAYSVILLE COAL CO.  
PHONE 142.

Get your shingles from the Mason Lumber Co. adv.

When needing dental work call on Cartmel

## ATTRACTIVE HOMES

Are what makes a "city beautiful." A few dollars spent for new doors and windows might make your home numbered among the pretty places of the town. See us for suggestions and prices.

OHIO RIVER LUMBER CO.,  
Incorporated  
UNION STREET, NEAR SECOND.

## In the Market For a WHEAT DRILL

Then Our "New Peoria" Is What You Want

It has perfect working discs, fitted with dust proof chilled bearings, single draw bars that will not gather trash, staggard spoke wheels with 7-inch hub and 3-inch tires, continuous rear bar with truss rod to support seat and keep drill from sagging, direct pressure in rear of disc; a feature we claim will make this drill work perfectly in any land suitable for sowing grain and where other drills cannot be operated. A seat in center of drill convenient to lever is also furnished. Drop in and let us show you what this drill can do, and furnish you with the names of a score of satisfied users. One feature of our drill that puts it in a class by itself and makes it superior to all other drills on the market is the "Peoria Disc Shoe." You won't find the disc shoe on any other press drill on earth, the Peoria people have that feature cinched and they are going to hang on to it. If you want to know why we can grow more wheat to the acre after this drill than any other with the same amount of grain sown, come in and let us explain to you the "New Peoria Disc Shoe Drill."

We Have Just Gotten in a Full Stock of  
Fine Baling Wire

## Mike Brown

THE SQUARE DEAL MAN

In the County Court yesterday Rev. W. W. Shepherd, Pastor of the Third Street M. E. Church was granted the right to solemnize marriages, with I. M. Lane surety on bond.

The revival at the Second M. E. Church is being well attended, and the music is good. Rev. J. W. Simpson is delivering good sermons which are enjoyed by all. Everyone is invited to attend.

Miss Icy Owene, one of the most conscientious and popular primary teachers Dover ever had and one of the best women in the county, born and reared in that town, left yesterday to make her home in far away Pauls Valley, Okla., with her nephew, Mr. W. L. Sullivan. This good woman will be missed in Dover.

### Badly Injured

Ben Middleman, son of Samuel Middleman, dealer in scrap iron and such like, was painfully injured Thursday about 4 o'clock in a runaway. He was driving along Front street when his horse became frightened at a passing train and ran off. His vehicle collided with a large wagon standing in front of Coughlin & Co.'s livery stable and young Middleman was thrown out. His injuries will keep him in bed for several days.

### OLIVES OF ALL KINDS!

Prices range from 10c a bottle up. Our Olive trade is one of our hobbies. Come in and let us show you the biggest, best lot you ever saw.

Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar

GEISEL & NEALE

Phone 43.

## Price on NEW GOODS

Red Salmon ..... 15c  
Pink Salmon ..... 10c  
Asparagus Tips ..... 25c  
One Pound Tall Can Asparagus Tips ..... 15c

### Oysters

The Quality Grocer.  
Masonic Temple Bldg.

J. C. CABLISH

## Shingles! Shingles! Shingles!

A Million of Them!

We have just received two carloads of Clear Red Cedar. We bought them when the price was low and we will sell them at the lowest possible price. We also have Cypress and Poplar Shingles and we are over-stocked and forced to sell. Bring your wants to us. We guarantee prices and will move them at net cost to us. Come in and see. And don't you forget that now is the time to get Shingles at

### THE MASON LUMBER CO.

Incorporated.  
Cor. Limestone and Second Streets.  
Agents for Deering Machinery.  
A. A. McLAUGHLIN.  
L. N. BEHAN.

UNION MADE  
HAND MADE  
BEST MADE

Golden Glory

"GLORIOUSLY GOOD"

POWER & DAULTON  
CIGAR CO.  
MAKERS—  
MAYSVILLE, KY.

Miss Edna Webster Gilmore is the guest of

Miles Irano Turner of near Maysville.

### MADE WHALING VOYAGES, AND SOUGHT GOLD IN '40

Notable Career of Jabez Manchester  
Hardy New Englander

New Bedford (Mass.) Republican Standard.

Jabez Manchester, a well known farmer of South Westport, died at his late home Thursday at the age of 88 years, eight months and 13 days. Until his last illness, he retained his strength and vitality to a remarkable degree and his mind was as clear as in youth. Mr. Manchester carried on farming, although not so extensively in former years.

He was born in Tiverton, R. I., on February 27th, 1824.

Owing to his wonderful memory, he was able to relate interesting incidents of his life, as he made several whaling voyages and spent several years among the gold fields of California.

He made two voyages to California, via Cape Horn and returned home with a goodly stock of gold.

Mr. Manchester had five children—Everett L. Manchester of Maysville, Ky., Miss Delia M. Manchester of Fall River; Mrs. Pardon A. Gifford, Mrs. Edmund G. Gifford and Arthur J. Manchester, all of South Westport.

Jabez Manchester, Sr., father of the late Jabez was a soldier in war of 1812 and he has a record unsurpassed for bravery.

### AT HIGH NOON

Today Miss Lydia Ruth Power becomes the Wife of Mr. William Glenn Prather

The residence of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Mathews, in East Third street, this city, at high noon today will be the theater of a beautiful October wedding, when Mrs. Mathew's sister, Miss Lydia Ruth Power of Flemingsburg, becomes the bride of Mr. William Glenn Prather of Pensacola, Florida.

The hospitable Mathews home is now aglow with mellow lights, giving the midday an evening effect which is very beautiful, and combined with the decorations of dalias, autumn leaves and the color-scheme, of white and yellow, make a fairy-like setting for the coming wedding.

### THE CEREMONY.

Rev. T. C. Stackhouse of the Baptist Church, Lexington, will be the officiating minister.

Ribbon bearers: Masters Church Mathews, Edwin Prather, J. Edwin Mathews and Mitchell Mathews.

Flower girls: Misses Alice Kerr Hood, and Carroll Matthews.

Attendants: Mrs. Virginia Turner, Matron of Honor; Miss Harriette Dudley Hawkins, Maid of Honor. The bride will be given away by her brother, Mr. Joseph Power. Dr. R. M. Skinner will be the groom's best man.

Flaunting Mr. R. L. Hosch.

After a delightful luncheon following the ceremony, reception and congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Prather will take the 3:17 C. & O. Flyer, No. 3 and journey to their future home in Pensacola, where the blessings and united good wishes of their legion of relatives and friends will abide with them.

Among the out-of-town guests to be present are the following: Mr. Joseph Power of Chicago; Mr. George Bush and family, Galipolis, O.; Mrs. Iolene Hawkins, Miss Harriette Dudley Hawkins, Mrs. Virginia Turner and Miss Alice Kerr Hood of Flemingsburg, and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ewing of Parsons, Kansas.

WEATHER REPORT

FAIR TODAY AND SOMEWHAT COLDER; SUNDAY FAIR,

Get your shingles from the Mason Lumber Co. adv.

Now is the time to buy your winter coal. See Dryden, Limestone street.

(Advertisement)

Death of Prominent Fleming County Citizen

Mr. John Todd, one of Fleming county's wealthy and influential citizens, died yesterday morning at his home in Flemingsburg, after a short illness with pneumonia, aged 40 years.

He is survived by his wife, nee Miss Dickey and several children. He was a former Director of the Farmers' and Traders' Loose Leaf Tobacco Warehouse here, and has many friends in this city who learn of his death with sincere sorrow.

## SWEET CIDER!

GRAPE FRUIT, COCONUTS AND THE FIRST OF EVERYTHING IN MY LINE.

GEORGE H. DINGER.

See McCarthy for watches and diamonds. Cut prices. Repairs.

(Advertisement)

Go to Mrs. Davidson for the best hosey in town. Jolly Clown for the children. Second and Limestone streets.

adv.

Largest line of Mirrors ever shown by us. Look in our show window.

Sale on now; prices 9c, 15c, 19c to \$5.

J. T. KACKLEY & CO.

(Advertisement)

Death of Mr. Nicholas Ring

Mr. Nicholas Ring, one of Mason county's good and venerable citizens, passed away last night at his home near Plumville, after a short illness with pneumonia, aged 70. He leaves a widow, four sons and three daughters. Funeral Monday morning at 9 o'clock from St. Patrick's Church. Interment in Washington Cemetery.

## Ying Yang Tea

The very highest grade of Gunpowder Tea on the market.

POUND CANS : 90c  
HALF POUND CANS : 50c  
QUARTER POUND CANS : 25c

M. F. WILLIAMS & CO. "Big Drugstore With the Little Price."

D. HECHINGER & CO.

## Compare Our \$15 Suits!

With suits others sell at like price and up to \$18 and \$20 and you will quickly see that \$15 gives you better values than you find elsewhere. Of course we also have a large variety of good Suits at \$7.50 to \$10 and \$12. For the particular dressy fellows we have the Hirsch-Wickwire and College Brand, the acknowledged Top-Notchers in Men's and Young Men's Clothes.

Our Boys' and Children's Department should be visited by all that want to clothe their youngsters in excellent yet moderate price clothing. Suits \$3.50 to \$12.

We are selling at \$10 the most remarkable values in Overcoats and Raincoats. When looking for good shoes (Men's and Boys') Well, you know where to find them. Every pair warranted to give reasonable satisfaction.

D. HECHINGER & CO.

Maysville's Leading Clothing and Shoe Shop.

## THE VERY LATEST.

Almost daily evidence arrives of Mr. Hunt's presence in the New York market. Suits that express the very latest mode. Coats that represent models not even a month old but the styles of the hour.

Don't measure the variety, the quantity, the style of our outer garments by the usual small town standard. We don't count our Coats and Suits by the dozen but by the hundred and the style selection is governed by the garments worn on Fifth Avenue today.

Some very attractive Suits and Coats have just been unpacked. In Suits every price is shown from \$12.50 to \$39. In Coats from \$6.98 to \$25. Expert service in the fitting room and courteous attention from the salesforce is assured.

Come in today.

1852

HUNT'S

1912

There will be a meeting of Labor Union Monday night at Knight of St. John Hall. All laborers urged to attend.

The Sardis flouring mills were sold last week, N. S. and W. M. Campbell being the purchasers at \$2,750. The mills cost \$10,000.

A much-needed rain fell here yesterday.

The outlook for a good turkey crop in Montgomery is reported to be excellent, and while the early indications were for a shortage, it now looks like there will be an abundance.

Globe Stamps!  
Cost you nothing, but bring you lots of beautiful gifts.

GLOBE STAMP 00.

## The Home of Fashion!

You have never seen such a display of Ladies' Dresses, Suits, Coats and Skirts as we can show you today. Our alteration room was never so crowded as it is now. No garment can leave our store without a close inspection of our very critical dressmaker. If only a button is to be moved we must move it. For style, fit and price we are in a class by ourselves.

DRESSES, \$4.98 to \$25. SUITS, \$12.50 to \$35. COATS, \$5 to \$29.  
RAINCOATS, \$2.98 to \$10. SKIRTS, \$2.98 to \$10.

### Good Shoes

For Men, Ladies, Children. Our entire line is now complete.

\$1.25 to \$5.

### Ostrich Plumes, \$4.98

You cannot match them at \$10.

### BLANKETS

Two specials at \$1 and \$1.85. Look like wool, wear like wool, feel like wool, but are all cotton.

MERZ BROS.

## PUBLIC LEDGER.

A. F. CURRAN, Publisher.  
MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY

There appears to have been a bumper crop of fuzzy hats.

Sunday sport still continues to exact toll in human lives.

It is a wonder that nobody thought of clean money long ago.

The country is safe in spite of the dire predictions of certain politicians.

It is possible to be a perfect daredevil in an aeroplane, but what is the use?

If it were not for politics a lot of young lawyers would find existence dreary.

What has become of the old fashioned joint debate between leading candidates?

Some plutocrat should offer a prize for the encouragement of longevity among aviators.

Not only does it hurt an oyster to be eaten alive, as Doc Wiley says, but it cannot talk back.

Women's dresses, we are told, are to be tighter. Gracious heaven! Can such a thing be possible?

Artificial rubber is said by an expert to be a failure—not able to stretch a point—so to speak.

After a while perhaps Americans will learn to utilize their houses as well as their sleeping porches.

Even if abstaining from gossip will not remove superfluous hairs it will leave a sweater taste in the mouth.

It is a sad world. You escape a scorching automobile by the skin of your teeth, only to run into a candidate.

After all, it is only fair to attempt to make a man of a monkey, since so many monkeys have been made of men.

Once more the last of the passenger pigeons has died. That bird will accomplish that feat once too often some day.

Now it is explained why the small boy and the tramp are so healthy. A Boston physician says that soap is a carrier of diseases.

The dear little boys in the kindergartens may be shy on some branches of useless knowledge, but they are learning to sew nicely.

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that all the police in New York are bad, but the bad ones are most in the lime-light just now.

The New York milkman who offered to accept kisses in pay for his wares must have been dispensing the nectar of human kindness.

This is a grand year for fruits, but certain well-known gentlemen with cravings for office will remember it because of its sour grapes.

Toadstools caused the death of thirteen persons in Paris during the last season. Another proof of the unluckiness of the number thirteen.

Despite all predictions of an early hard winter, it can be regarded as certain that navigation up Salt river will remain open until after November 5.

Harvard surgeons have installed a device that records heartbeats at hundreds of miles. Pooh! The ordinary love letter has been doing that for years.

Why would it not be a good idea for some one to seek to develop the commercial utility of the aeroplane rather than to display its circus possibilities?

"Lots of Americans are fools," says the Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier. This may be true, but the foreigner who says it is going to get into trouble.

People who insist on dancing the "grizzly bear" even when there is danger of being shot for doing so may be said to have enthusiasm that is worthy of a better cause.

A Chicago man, struck by lightning, was cured of his rheumatism for 24 hours. The method may be all right, but the difficulty of making it practical comes in securing your bolts on schedule.

California scientists are endeavoring to find out whether the sun is growing cold. This is the time of year when people who desire to make such a discovery are most likely to be successful.

New Zealand has introduced a letter meter by which mail is registered and paid for without the use of stamps. Must be rather inconvenient for each individual to have to lug a letter meter around.

A Waukegan lady who has tried one reports that old bachelors do not make good husbands, because they are too firmly "set" in their ways. This only proves the correctness of the theory that the lady who expects to have a satisfactory husband must catch him and train him early.

The government is said to have discovered a way of making imperishable bread. It may be very scientific, but it will probably set people to longing for the bread which the mothers of the nation used to make, and which was never allowed to get to the stage where its imperishability had a chance of being proved.

Airmen seem to be working on the wrong end of the problem. They should not seek to discover how fast they can go but should try to see how they can reader flights.

## NEW SENSATION FOR GREAT WHITE WAY



IN the matinee crowd on Broadway, New York, the other day Mlle. Osterman appeared with a real live white dove perched on her hat. Mlle. Osterman declared that the bird was a dove, but many rudely remarked that it was only a pigeon. At Longacre square the wind nearly blew both hat and bird off the small head of the dove.

## SETS SHOE FASHION

Footwear of United States Standard for Universe.

Backward Evolution in Foot Covering Puts the Wearer Behind the Ancients in Walking Ability—Has Many Defects.

New York.—Everybody wears shoes at least one size too small, it is asserted, and with toes too narrow. This gives room for only the great toe to grow and perform its functions, but compresses the other toes until the smallest one is a mere scrap. The foot of man should spread like an animal's paw with every step he takes. This is impossible in a shoe which fits the foot.

Walter C. Taylor, editor-in-chief of the Boot and Shoe Recorder, says:

"The greatest waste in shoe buying is one for which the consumer himself is largely responsible. It comes through the buying of shoes which are poorly fitted."

We not only wear our shoes too small and our heels too high, but we allow fashion to influence us, and there is a constant demand for change in style and material; a demand which the manufacturers supply abundantly." Mr. Taylor says that it would be worth millions to the trade and to the consumer if this could be righted by a common sense view of our foot covering. Of course the women are blamed for the greater part of this extravagance, for a dainty foot has long been considered much to be desired. Gradually shoes have developed into things of beauty merely and we buy them with the thought of their appearance and not of their use. In fact, Americans, as a rule, do not expect to walk great distances.

It seems that the development of the shoemaker's art is in inverse ratio to the development of the foot, for here in America our feet are notoriously undeveloped, and yet America leads the world in the making of shoes. Almost everything else in the way of wearing apparel depends more or less on foreign importations, but America influences the shoe styles of England, Germany and France, and American methods are standard for the world.

American supremacy in shoemaking is due largely to specialization. Abroad an operative does half a dozen different things; here he performs one simple process, and here also one factory makes one kind of shoes. If a large manufacturer makes different kinds of shoes he has a separate factory for each kind.

What a sight the modern shoe factory would be to the primitive shoemaker of colonial days, who was an itinerant workman, carried his tools with him and stayed with each family long enough to make up the farmer's supply of home tanned leather into shoes enough to last until his next annual visit. His last was roughly whittled out of a piece of wood to suit the largest foot in the family, and then pared down for the successive sizes. He sat on a low bench, one end of which was divided into compartments where his awls, hammers, knives and rasps were kept, with his pots of paste and blacking, his pails, thread, linings and buttons, "shoulder sticks" and "rub sticks."

With all of our wonderful machinery we produce shoes which are not so good for our feet, as the most primitive and simplest of foot coverings, the sandal, which is considered ideal by those who appreciate the beauty of the human foot and wish to preserve it. The sandal was worn by the ancient Egyptians and Greeks and the "shoes" of the Bible were sandals. The same type is still worn by the peoples of Central Asia, India, Japan and China.

The Indian moccasin, which extends over the top of the foot, but has the sole and main part in one piece, is

one of the best of foot coverings, soft, flexible and durable. Out of a combination of these two the sole without an upper and the upper without a sole the modern shoe has been evolved.

LONE PIGEON FOLLOWS TRAIN

For Three Years It Has Been Making Regular Trips in Iowa.

Maysville, Ia.—Every time a northbound passenger train leaves Maysville over the Great Northern coast line a solitary pigeon leaves the station and accompanies the train for three miles. Railroad men say the bird has not missed a trip in three years, and is as prompt as train orders. It never fails to end its flight when certain point is reached.

Burke, since his return to Philadelphia, has been running a cigar store in which he had been established by a business man whose interest was aroused by Burke's published life story.

Mr. Burke will join the Inasmuch Mission workers, located in "Hell's Half Acre," this city, and labor with them to save wrecked lives.

Mr. Burke made this announcement the other day at the religious service at Lemon Hill, when he responded to an invitation given by Rev. Dr. James B. Ely that he speak. He told the story of his life, and said that since his return to Philadelphia he had received hundreds of letters from ex-convicts asking him to aid them to mend their lives as he had done his own. The letters, he declared, have induced him to take up the work.

Kubelik Changes Name.

Budapest—Jan Kubelik, the violinist, has changed his name to Janos Polda. The latter means citizen.

Withstood Mighty Shock.

Kittanning, Pa.—Thomas Schaeffer, a lineman, had 22,000 volts of electricity pass through his body while repairing wires at the top of a high pole and still lived.

Mme. Jane Catulle Mendes, widow of the poet and dramatist, believes that love may cause crimes of passion, but cannot in any way excuse them. "I do not see that modern literature is a factor in multiplying these acts of savagery which seem to me to have their origin in feebleness of hearts and feebleness of the code."

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Paris.—Some French woman authors have been giving their views on the right of their sex to kill. Their opinions are based on the case of Mme. Bloch, who wrote books signed with the name of Frederic de Beaile and who shot and killed Mrs. Bridgeman, who had won M. Bloch's affections. From the prison Mme. Bloch announced that she had received "innumerable letters of congratulation" and that many of them came from her sister authors. The suggestion that women writers sympathized with Mme. Bloch's act moved Le Miroir to make an inquiry. Of the eight women of letters who gave their opinion only two supported Mme. Bloch's minority. The first of this minority, Mme. Marie de Vovet, writes:

"Although murder inspired by jealousy is reproved by all in principle, nothing is more difficult to judge in the various forms it may take. The best thing, it seems to me, is to treat it with charity, thinking that before a woman's hand could seize a weapon there must have been suffering enough to constitute presumptive explanation."

Mme. Aurel, the other supporter of Mme. Bloch, writes: "If a rival had dared to set me at defiance I believe that I should have done as Mme. Bloch did. It is none the less a misfortune."

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## EX-CONVICT AN EVANGELIST

To Help Other Men to New Lives Work of Alderman Burke of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia.—William Burke, who resigned from the common council and then fled the city when he could no longer meet blackmail demands of a former prison cellmate in the Charlestown (Mass.) prison, leaving behind a written confession in which he declared that up to his coming to Philadelphia, about three years ago, he had been a criminal ever since he could remember, has become an evangelist.

Burke, since his return to Philadelphia, has been running a cigar store in which he had been established by a business man whose interest was aroused by Burke's published life story.

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It is up to you to

# GUADALAJARA'S DOOM is NEAR



GUADALAJARA

BECAUSE the crater of a boiling, seething volcano is directly beneath this city of 150,000 souls, in all probability Guadalajara, which is the state capital of Jalisco, will be moved to a point some distance from what scientists say is to be one of the most active volcanoes on the entire American continent. The subterranean volcano has caused 340 earthquakes in the last three months. Twice, once in July and once in August, the shocks became so heavy that they practically depopulated the city for nearly a week on each occasion.

Seven scientists headed by Prof. Ramon Leon of the seismographic branch of the National Observatory have just finished a report on the quakes and their causes. They declare that Guadalajara, with its 150,000 inhabitants, is built in the crater of a giant volcano which was active about 1,800 years ago. Below the city, they add, is the center of this crater, in which a new crater has formed, likely to break out at any time.

They warn the residents of Guadalajara that beneath them is an enormous caldron of molten stone and burning coal and sulphur combined with gases which come from still further down in the bowels of the earth. The report urges that the city be moved, or that at least the inhabitants abandon it immediately. The center of the crater is located a trifle west of the main plaza and practically under the state palace or capitol of the state of Jalisco.

Scientific measurements, soundings with a diamond drill and experiments with the gases which have been pouring through cracks in the earth in the city are given, with detailed results of the study. Professor Leon and his associates deduce that as surely as science can forecast the city will be destroyed by this buried crater, which they say is enormous, though they admit that they cannot with accuracy foretell when the volcano will burst forth.

They infer that the destruction will come within a year, for they say that the volcano, whose caldron is placed 300 feet below the surface of the earth, is what is known as ripe for the explosion. The report goes on to say that this is the first instance in the history of the world in which a city has been located over the crater of a volcano and that the heat from the buried bowl of fire accounts for the warm climate of Guadalajara, which, while 5,000 feet above the sea, has the temperature all the year round of a coastal resort, with practically no change between summer and winter.

Increasing heat noticed in this part of Jalisco for the past year and recorded by the local branch of the government weather bureau first gave Professor Leon the idea that subterranean fires were responsible for the climate. Then came the earthquakes, the opening of fissures in the main streets of the capital of the state, and the escape of large volumes of sulphur laden gases from these fissures.

Fullest publicity is being given to the report here, and government officials are seriously considering the removal of the capital to Juanacatlán on the Santiago river.

The removal will follow the taking away of all the government papers, which have been transferred to Mexico City already. The state palace or capitol in Guadalajara is one of the largest and most beautiful of all the buildings of its kind in Mexico and cost approximately 7,000,000 pesos. It fronts on the main plaza or public square and occupies one entire end, being nearly three hundred yards in length.

Guadalajara is the second city in the republic, ranking next to Mexico City in population and above it in wealth, being second only to Merida, Yucatan, in this respect. It is the market place of two of the richest states in Mexico, Jalisco and Michoacan, and is commonly called "the Pearl of the Occident," while the surrounding territory is known as the granary of Mexico.

For these reasons the people who live here are loath to leave the city. The Catholic church will especially hard hit if the removal idea is carried out. The cathedral, which is one of the finest in Mexico, contains gold and silver ornaments than any other church save the cathedral of Puebla, and has in addition the distinction of having been completed in 1618 and of having been almost destroyed by an earthquake in 1750. It was severely shaken in 1818 and cracked in three places by the first series of the 340 quakes of the past three months, in June, 1912. The towers are 200 feet high, Byzantine in construction and the structure occupies one of the most valuable pieces of land in Guadalajara.

The most precious art possession of the entire republic is contained in the sacristy of the cathedral. It is Murillo's painting of the "Assumption of the Virgin," and it hangs directly above the entrance. In point of color and freshness this painting is better than any Murillo now known to the art world of Europe or America, while the



FROM THE EAST



MARKET SCENE

work is one of the best examples of the famous master.

The beauty of this canvas has attracted thousands, and not a few efforts have been made to purchase it, one of \$250,000 coming from a New York financier. Seven times thieves have attempted to cut it from its frame, but each time they were foiled by the vigilance of the priests. Four of the would-be robbers were captured and are now serving terms or have died in the prisons of Jalisco.

In June, 1818, when the cathedral was nearly destroyed, the section of wall on which this painting is fastened stood through all the quake. In June, 1912, when a crack more than a foot wide was opened in the top of the wall above this painting the gash ran downward almost to the end of the mahogany frame and then divided into two cracks or fissures, encircling the canvas, but never touching it. The Indians believe, and the priests aid them in this belief, that nothing can harm "la santissima Virgen de Guadalajara," and so far the terrific tremblers have failed to injure it in the least.

The canvas was given to the Guadalajara diocese by the king of Spain shortly after the Peninsular war as a mark of gratitude for the large sums of money turned over to the crown by this branch of the church in Mexico and it was hidden ten years in a niche in the cathedral to keep it from the French at the time of the occupation of Mexico.

"The top of the bowl of the crater beneath Guadalajara," said Professor Garcia while here, "is approximately 1,500 feet in diameter, but the actual bowl is much wider. I should say it is a quarter of a mile in width, and how deep no man can say."

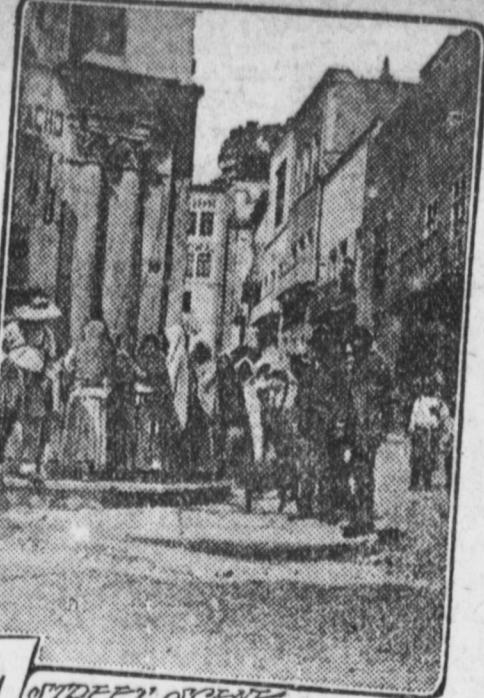
"The composition of the escaping gases indicates that they are coming from burning coal and sulphur in a molten state, precisely the combination which causes the eruptions of Mount Colima, the only active volcano on the North American continent, about 90 miles due south of Guadalajara. Undoubtedly Colima, which blows off in a regular eruption about the middle of every September, is connected in some unknown manner with the hot springs, miniature geysers and many dead volcanoes which cover the territory reaching from the southern end of the Sierra Nayarit, about 60 miles north of Guadalajara, to the sea at Manzanillo."

"I would not care to prophesy, but I believe that the annual fall eruption of Colima will see some sort of disturbance here, though it may be only heavy earthquakes and not the breaking out of the volcano. We ran diamond drills so deep into the earth in the center of Guadalajara that they came back almost red hot, no matter how slowly we operated them. We lowered the best thermometers into the holes made by these drills and they recorded heat beyond the melting point of the Jalisco capital will be financial ruin."

"We analyzed the gases coming from the fissures in various parts of the city and we found that they were not surface gases, coming from pockets in the earth and released by the earthquake, but that they exhibited all the characteristics of gases which have been taken from the vents of Colima and Popocatepetl volcanoes."

"Last year we traced the scores of earthquake shocks which were felt here during the ten days of our stay and we found that every one was volcanic in its origin and not caused by the slipping of faults in the earth, as are some of the coastal seisms of this country and the United States. All were tremors, that is to say, up and down quakes, usually local in character and not oscillatory, as are most earthquakes which extend over a large section of the world's surface."

"This was our first hint that the quakes were volcanic—the confined area over which the tremors were felt. Then the seismograph, which was brought here from Mexico City and set up, indicated with its needle finger that the source of the shocks were almost beneath the city. "We knew the quakes were volcanic and con-



STREET SCENE

found to an area not more than 100 miles in diameter. Neither Colima nor any other volcano in Mexico was in eruption. We had to look closer to Guadalajara for the cause. We made a trip through the surrounding country and discovered that the city lies in the center of what was once a volcano.

"The walls of this ancient crater are fully 15 miles on all sides from the city. From the character of the stone composing these walls, their evidences of fire and the condition of the lava fragments which litter the bowl of the crater, I should say it was last active from 1,800 to 2,000 years ago.

"The mountain range which surrounds the city on all sides is the wall of this ancient crater. On the north and east, you know, the plateau of Mexico slopes downward to these ranges; on the west and south the ancient volcano wall slopes away 5,000 feet downward through some 70 or 80 miles to the Pacific ocean. This was an ideal location for a volcano, and precisely similar to the location of Colima, still active, and Orizaba, which, while still smoking, has not been active for 400 years.

"Now, in the center of this ancient crater, which must have been larger than any volcano of which we have knowledge at the present day, was the blow hole, or vent. Over this blow hole the Spaniards who conquered Mexico set up the city of Guadalajara, little thinking that they were selecting a veritable death trap for their settlement. Slowly through the eighteen or twenty centuries since it was last active this central melting pot of the old volcano has been forming a new and equally powerful mass of molten material, which sooner or later will blow Guadalajara off the face of the earth.

"An earthquake, landslides, cloudbursts or other elemental disturbances filled the opening of this ancient crater with a cap 300 feet in thickness. This cap, much thicker than that which any other volcano has had to blow off, is the only thing that has saved Guadalajara from destruction years ago. How long it will protect the city now is a question no man can answer and prove the answer. It may be years; to my mind it is a matter of months; in any event, I believe that the only way to save the capital is to move it bodily and move it while there is time to do so."

"Aside from its scientific interest, and from the unique situation of a city built on a volcano, there remains the very practical problem which confronts Guadalajara—the job of moving a city of 150,000 souls to a new location. So far, Juanacatlán is the most likely candidate for the honor of being the capital of Jalisco, but there are a number of other towns out of range of the buried crater, all of which will be considered before the change is made."

"All sorts of wild propositions to tap the crater and draw off the menacing fires have been made to the authorities of Guadalajara, but the men of science say there is no way to curb the demon of fire caged by nature below and that the city must be removed or it will be destroyed. One man proposed to turn the waters of the Santiago river into a huge tunnel, driven to the heart of the crater, but the earthquake specialists quickly informed the city officials that this merely would cause an immediate and more terrible explosion than if the crater were left to itself."

"Another man offered to tunnel into the crater from a point five miles outside the city, and on the slightly lower or western side, and let the contents of the crater flow out. He was disappointed when informed that his tunnel would have to be about 500 feet in diameter and that the heat would be so great a hundred feet from the inner end of the tunnel that human beings could not endure it."

"Thus it appears that unless a "surgeon for earthquakes" appears, and that very shortly, Guadalajara will have to pick up her houses and move to a new location. The result to real estate owners and men who have bought or built some of the fine blocks which mark the main streets of the Jalisco capital will be financial ruin."

"Some of these men profess to doubt the word of the scientists and to believe that the city is safe. They will throw their influence and their votes against moving the city unless they can be convinced that there is a very real personal danger for themselves and their families."

"PATERNAL WISDOM

"Sohn, are you really determined to get married?"

"Yes, father."

"And you feel that you can support a wife?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, just remember that the dictionary says 'to support' also means 'to endure.'"

A PROFESSIONAL TRICK

The Young Lawyer—How do you expect to prove that your client is mentally irresponsible?

The Old Lawyer—Easy enough. His wife has preserved all his old love letters and I'm going to read 'em to the jury.

Had to Keep It Closed.

Physician—You shouldn't sleep with your mouth open.

Patient—My dear sir, your advice is entirely unnecessary, as I live in a flat and I sleep at home.

MacDonald

Should Be Removed.

"You say he is useless in his present position?"

"Yes."

"How useless?"

"Oh, about as useless as a lemon seed in a glass of iced tea."

Vegetables by Weight.

In Cleveland, O., all vegetables and other farm produce is sold by the pound, eggs being the only exception.

Customers are so well pleased that grocers say they will never go back to the old style of measurement.

Exceptional Apple Orchard.

In a Virginia orchard of 4,000 trees, the owner says that during the past 26 years there has been only one fall in apples. The 1909 crop sold for \$15,000 cash on the trees.

A New Plow.

An Ohio genius has invented a new plow that will stir the soil to a depth of 12 or even 15 inches, without requiring any more power than is necessary to run an ordinary plow 7 inches deep.

Cheap Machine Shed.

A cheap machine shed may be made of a few posts and poles and rough boards. It will cost but a trifling sum less than it will to repair or replace weather beaten machinery.

## PROPER ATTENTION TO BREEDING EWE DURING AUTUMN SEASON IS DESIRABLE

Extra Labor and Care at This Time Will be Repaid Many Times Over at Lambing Time—Rape Makes One of Most Excellent Feeds for Flock.

(By ELMER HENDERSON.)

A flock of ewes just weaning lambs and in thin flesh at the time of conception are apt to be very poor subjects for maternity in the spring. No matter how well the ewe may be fed just previous to the time of lambing, she will not be in her best condition to nourish her offspring unless she is in fair condition at the time of mating.

The reason is at once apparent. If a ewe is thin when she is bred the burden of growing the young is too much of a strain upon her to allow of her gaining much flesh. This brings us to what is known as "flushing."

Flushing may be defined as putting the ewe upon highly succulent and nutritious feeds just previous to mating.

I have said before that it was necessary to have the ewe in good flesh at the mating season. This is just the object of flushing.

It has been found by all practical shepherds that a pint of grain in September is worth a quart at lambing time. The reason is that the ewe fed grain in the fall has very little burden to bear in the shape of the growing young, while in the case of the ewe heavy with lamb all the food eaten goes mostly to nourish the fetus.

It will be inferred that if grain will make the difference in the

new vigor which puts her in much the same condition that she is in the advent of cool weather.

Whether this is the reason or not does not matter to the farmer if he knows whether this or some other reason applies, he gets the results looked for, which is of vastly more importance.

Oftentimes the means nearest at hand are the best and this is true in our particular case. The meadow is always at hand and could easily be used for fall feed for the ewes. The aftermath that springs up in the fall makes good growth and furnishes a very nutritious and highly palatable food. If there is some clover in it so much the better, as there is no food better for sheep.

Rape makes a very excellent food and I am very partial to it. A small patch of rape sown in the summer, by this time is large enough to make a lot of good feed. Another way is to sow rape in the corn at the last cultivation and turn the sheep in the corn.

A few sheep are turned into a lot of rape and corn they may be allowed to run there for some time before they will in any way damage the corn.

Then, too, this furnishes fine feed for the lambs after the ewes are taken out. They may be allowed to run here all fall and will live on the rape and lower blades of corn, and if the

## TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

SAW NO CAUSE FOR WORRY

Small Boy Pretty Well Satisfied That the Future Was Not Likely to Be a Hard One.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer says: A Lakewood woman was recently reading to her little boy the story of a young lad whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to support himself and mother. When she had finished the story she said:

"Dear Billy, if your papa were to die would you work to support your dear mamma?"

"Naw!" said Billy, unexpectedly.

"But why not?"

"Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Yes, dearie—but we can't eat the house, you know."

"Ain't there a lot o' stuff in the pantry?"

"Yes, but that won't last forever."

"It'll last till you git another husband, won't it? You're a pretty good looker, ma!"

Mamma gave up right there.

Absorbed.

A college professor noted for his concentration of thought, returned home from a scientific meeting one night, still pondering deeply upon the subject that had been discussed. As he entered his room he heard a noise that seemed to come from under the bed.

"Is there someone there?" he asked absently.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew his peculiarities.

"That's strange," muttered the professor. "I was almost sure I heard someone under the bed."

A While for a Time.

A Cleveland school teacher writes that she asked her class what was the difference between the expressions, "while," and "a time," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Nobody seemed to have any idea on the subject. Finally the light of intelligence was seen to shine in the eyes of one little boy, and the teacher called upon him to save the intellectual honor of the class.

"I know, teacher!" he cried eagerly. "When papa says he's going out for a while, mamma says she knows he's going out for a time!"

That's one way of looking at it.

Call to Arms.

"Bang!" went the rifles at the ma-neuvers.

"Oo-oo!" screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little girl. She stepped backward into the surprised arms of a young man. "Oh," said she, blushing, "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."





WEEKLY REPUBLICAN—1867.  
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER—1892.

MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1912

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



Maud Muller on a summer day  
Went out to see the ball team play.  
The Judge was umpire and the mob  
Said: "This old gink sure knows his job."

ALL matter for publication must be  
handed in before 9 o'clock a. m.

The easiest thing to do is to find fault.

"Shall I tell your fortune, sir?"  
"Yes, tell it to hurry up!"

The man who stands in his own light  
ignores the whole world is dark.

Life's sweets don't come in five-pound boxes  
Tied with ribbons and delivered at your door.

Politeness is like an air cushion, there's  
nothing in it, but it eases the joints wonderfully.

T. S. Hamilton of Covington says he will  
buy 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco on the mu-  
gusta loose leaf market.

Galveston News: Our idea of a martyr is  
a married woman whose husband stays around  
the house all day and chews tobacco.

James T. Rudolph, a prominent coal dealer  
of Clarksville, Tenn., committed suicide by  
shooting himself while sitting in his office.



All bids for state printing have been  
rejected at Frankfort.

Independent anthracite operators  
again advance price of coal at mines  
to \$5.35 a ton.

Marconi, the wireless wizard, lost  
the sight of his right eye as a result of  
an auto accident.

President Taft was elected a member  
of the American Antiquarian Society  
at Worcester, Mass.

J. B. Haggins has purchased 400  
acres of land at \$133 per acre adjoin-  
ing his 7,000 acre estate.

President Underwood, of Erie, says  
he sees no chance for improvement in  
railroad conditions until there is an  
increase in rates.

The Lexington Tobacco Warehouse  
Association has decided to postpone  
the opening of the Lexington market  
until November 19th.

That Russia is to abolish the dread  
decree of banishment to Siberia, by  
order of the czar is the news received  
in advices from St. Petersburg.

## FOR MAYSVILLE PEOPLE

MAYSVILLE CITIZENS' EXPERIENCES FURNISH  
TOPICS FOR MAYSVILLE DISCUSSION

The following experience occurred in Mays-  
ville. A Maysville citizen relates it.  
Similar experiences are occurring daily.

Maysville people are being relieved.  
Getting rid of distressing kidney ill-  
ness. Trying Doan's Kidney Pills the tested  
Quaker remedy.

Maysville people testify, Maysville people  
profess.

The evidence is home evidence—the proof  
convincing.

Maysville testimony is gratefully given.

Maysville sufferers should heed it.

W. F. Lynch, 127 W. Third street, Mays-  
ville, Ky., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are a fine  
medicine. My kidneys were weak and the  
passages of the kidney secretions were scanty  
and painful. Having used Doan's Kidney  
Pills before, I again got a box and their use  
quickly restored my kidneys to a normal con-  
dition. I continued using Doan's Kidney Pills  
and they completely relieved me."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents.  
Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole  
agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no  
other.

## WASHINGTON THEATER TONIGHT.

HALF BRED FOSTER SISTER  
Pathe  
DAUGHTER OF THE SHERIFF  
Kalem  
WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT SIXTEEN  
Edison  
Matinee Today at 1:30 p. m.

ADMISSION 5 CENTS

## No. 11—THE EXECUTION OF TRUSTS

Its entire capital and surplus serve to guarantee the faithful execution of every trust, so that its absolute responsibility is beyond the possibility of dispute.

An additional guarantee of perfect security—and a most important one—lies in the fact that the transactions of this Company are under constant supervision of the State Banking Department.

Some of the ways in which our Trust Department may be of service will be given in other articles.

## UNION TRUST & SAVINGS CO.

MAYSVILLE, KY.

## Must Pay In Advance

The Postoffice Department has ruled that only bona fide subscriptions are eligible to the mails as second-class matter, and that bona fide subscriptions are only those paid in advance. Please heed this notice and you'll know why your LEDGER is stopped.

## GOOD TIMES OR HARD TIMES?

Take Your Choice Between Protection Prosperity or Tariff-For-Revenue Only Depression

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In a telegram to the Commercial Travelers' Sound Money League, now meeting in New York, President Taft says:

I ask the business men of this country what encouragement they will find and what new investments they will feel like making if they arise from their beds on the 6th day of November next and learn that the Democratic party, will after the 4th of March, 1913, be in absolute control of the executive, the Senate and the House of Representatives?

The Tariff would then be revised on Democratic principles as shown by the Democratic bill of the last two sessions of the Congress, and our whole economic system changed. Prosperity would be halted, business would be impaired and the demand for labor would show a marked falling off.

That states the issue squarely. The business man can have either a Protective Tariff, which means an abandonment of the Protective principle itself, well and good. Let him vote for Wilson or Roosevelt. If he wants a Protective Tariff there is but one way to help keep it. That is to vote for William H. Taft for President.

## GEM THEATER

MATINEE TODAY, 2 TO 5 P.M.

"THE HIGHER MERCY"  
Vitagraph Drama.  
AND TWO OTHER GOOD PICTURES.

NOTICE—The beautiful gold watch in Clooney's show window to be given away next Friday night, October 25th, 1912. Save your coupons.

cratia Tariff, but he cannot give us the curious hybrid that he advocates himself.

The choice, we repeat, is between the Protective principle, with the prosperity it has rightly come to stand for, and the Tariff-for-revenue principles, with the disturbances of business which is as sure to follow the attempt to apply it by national legislation as one day's sun is to follow another.

If the business man wants a revenue Tariff which means an abandonment of the Protective principle itself, well and good. Let him vote for Wilson or Roosevelt. If he wants a Protective Tariff there is but one way to help keep it. That is to vote for William H. Taft for President.

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That states the issue squarely. The business man can have either a Protective Tariff, which means an abandonment of the Protective principle itself, well and good. Let him vote for Wilson or Roosevelt. If he wants a Protective Tariff there is but one way to help keep it. That is to vote for William H. Taft for President.

In a telegram to the Commercial Travelers' Sound Money League, now meeting in New York, President Taft says:

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# My LADY of DOUBT

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under fire,"  
"My Lady of the North," etc.

Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lady, is sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington to the winter at Valley Forge. Disguised as a British and inform Lawrence arrives within the enemy's lines. The Major attends a great fete and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball. Trouble is started over her, and Lawrence is forced by his partner, Major Grant, to "The Lady of the Blended Rose," to make his escape. Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant, and the British send him to a duel. The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy makes a dash for home, swimming a river following a narrow escape. Major Grant meets him at the shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly, and knows the "Lady of the Blended Rose." Captain Grant's master is the blacksmith shop in vain for the spy. Lawrence joins the minute men. Grant and his party are captured by the minute men. Lawrence is rescued by an Indian and two white men, who look him in the eye. The Indian, Peter, advised Lawrence not to attempt to escape, as he and one would send for him. Grant's appearance adds mystery to the combination of circumstances. Lawrence again meets the "Lady of the Blended Rose," and informs him that she is in her house, and that she was in command of the party that captured him. The "Lady" is true, and when Captain Grant begins a search of the premises.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

The silence and loneliness caused me to become restless. I could not entirely throw off the sense of being buried alive in this dismal hole. I wondered if there was any way of escape, if that secret door was not locked and unlocked only from without. A desire to ascertain led me to take candle in hand, and climb the circular staircase, examining the wall as I passed upward. The interior of the chimney revealed nothing. While I felt convinced there must also be a false fireplace on the first floor, so as to carry out the deception, the dim candle light made no revelation of its position. I could judge very nearly where it should appear, and I sounded the wall thereabout carefully both above and below without result. Nor did any noise reach me to disclose a thinness of partition.

Convinced of the solidity of the wall at this spot, I continued higher until I came to the end of the passage. To my surprise the conditions here were practically the same. Had I not entered at this point I could never have been convinced that there was an opening. From within it defied discovery, for nothing confronted my eyes but mortared stone. I was sealed in helplessly, but for the assistance of friends without; no effort on my part could ever bring release.

Yet I went over the rough surface again before retracing my steps down to the room below. All this must have taken fully an hour of time, and the strain of disappointment left me tired, as though I had done a day's work. I can hardly conceive that I slept, yet I must certainly lost consciousness, for when I awoke myself I was in pitch darkness.

I felt dazed, bewildered, but as my hand felt the edge of the table I comprehended where I was, and what had occurred. Groaning about, I found flint and steel, and that last candle, which I forced into the candlestick. The tiny yellow flame was like a message from the gods. How I watched it, every nerve tingling, as it burned lower and lower. Would it last until help came, or was I destined to remain pinned up in the darkness of this ghastly grave? Why, I must have been there for hours—hours. The burning out of the candles proved that. Surely I could

remain in which I should have light which restored my senses. I know I stared at the dim yellow flicker dully at first, and then with a swift returning consciousness which spurred my brain into activity. In that instant I hated, despised myself, rebelled at my weakness. Faith in Claire Mortimer came back to me in a flood of regret. If she had failed, it was through no fault of hers, and I was no coward to lie there and rot without making a stern fight for life. When I was found, those who came upon my body would know that I died struggling, died as a man should, facing fate with smile, with hands gripped in the contest. The resolution served—it was a spur to my pride, instantly driving away every haunting shadow of evil. Yet where should I turn? To what end should I devote my energies? It was useless to climb those stairs again. But there must be a way out.

I gripped the old musket as the only instrument at hand, and began testing the walls. Three sides I rapped, revealing the same dead, dull response. I was in the darkest corner now, beyond the stairs, still hopelessly beating the gun barrel against the stone. The dim light revealed no change, in the wall formation, the same irregular expansion of rubble set in solid mortar, hardened by a century of exposure to the dry atmosphere. Then to an idle, listless blow there came a hollow, wooden sound, that caused the heart to leap into the throat. I tried again, a foot to the left, confident my ears had played me false, but this time there could be no doubt—there was an opening here back of a wooden barrier.

Half crazed by this good fortune, I caught up the inch of candle, and held it before the wall. The dim light scarcely served as an aid, so ingeniously had the door been painted in resemblance to the mortared stone. I was compelled to sound again, inch by inch, with the gun barrel before I could determine the exact dimensions of the opening. Then I could trace the slight crack where the wood was fitted, nor could I have done this but for the warping of a board. Wild with apprehension lest my light fail before the necessary work could be accomplished, I drew out the single-bladed knife from my pocket, and began widening this crack. Feverishly as I worked, this was slow of accomplishment, yet silver by silver the slight aperture grew, until I wedged in the gun barrel, and pried out the plank. The rush of air extinguished the candle, yet I cared nothing, for the air was fresh and pure, promising a clear passage.

God, this was luck! With new courage throbbing through my veins I groped my way back to the table after flint and steel, and relit the candle fragment, shadowing the flame with both palms as I returned to where the plank had been pressed aside. However, I found such precaution unnecessary, as there was no perceptible draft through the passage now the opening was clear for the circulation of air. There had been two planks—thick and of hard wood—composing the entrance to the tunnel, but I found it impossible to dislodge the second, and was compelled to squeeze my way through the narrow twelve-inch opening. This was a difficult task, as I was man of some weight, but once accomplished I found myself in a contracted passageway, not to exceed three feet in width, and perhaps five from floor to roof. Here it was apparently as well preserved as when first constructed, probably a hundred years or more ago, the side walls faced with stone, the roof supported by roughly hewn oak beams. I was convinced there was no great weight of earth resting upon these, and the tunnel, which I followed without difficulty, or the discovery of any serious obstruction, for fifty feet, inclined steadily upward, until, in my judgment, it must have come within a very few feet of the surface. Here there occurred a sharp turn to the right, and the excavation advanced almost upon a level.

Knowing nothing of the conformation above, or of the location of buildings, I was obliged to press forward blindly, conserving the faint light of the candle, and praying for a free passage. It was an experience to test the nerves, the intense stillness, the bare, gray walls, cold to the touch, the beams grazing my head, and upholding that mass of earth above, the intense darkness before and behind, with only the flickering radius of yellow light barely illuminating where I trod. Occasionally the wood creaked ominously, and bits of earth, jarred by my passage, fell upon me in clods. Altogether it was an experience I have no desire to repeat, although I was in no actual danger for some distance. Old Mortimer had built his tunnel well, and through all the years it had held safely, except where water had soaked through, rotting the timbers. The candle was sputtering with a final effort to remain alight when I came to the first serious obstruction. I had barely time in which to mark the nature of the obstacle before the flame died in the socket, leaving me in a blackness so profound it was like a weight. For the moment I was practically paralyzed by fear, my muscles limp, my limbs trembling. Yet to endeavor to push forward was no more to be dreaded than to attempt retracing my steps. In one way there was hope; in the other none.

My brain whirled with incipient madness, as such questions haunted me unceasingly. I lost faith in everything, even her, and cursed aloud, hating the echoes of my own voice. It seemed as though those walls, that low roof, were crushing me, as if the close, foul air was suffocating. I recall tearing open the front of my shirt to gain easier breath. I walked about beating with bare hands the rough stone, muttering to myself words without meaning. The candle had burned down until barely an inch remained.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Remains of Tragedy. It must have been the shock of thus realizing suddenly how short a time

remained in which I should have light which restored my senses. I know I stared at the dim yellow flicker dully at first, and then with a swift returning consciousness which spurred my brain into activity. In that instant I hated, despised myself, rebelled at my weakness. Faith in Claire Mortimer came back to me in a flood of regret. If she had failed, it was through no fault of hers, and I was no coward to lie there and rot without making a stern fight for life. When I was found, those who came upon my body would know that I died struggling, died as a man should, facing fate with smile, with hands gripped in the contest. The resolution served—it was a spur to my pride, instantly driving away every haunting shadow of evil. Yet where should I turn? To what end should I devote my energies? It was useless to climb those stairs again. But there must be a way out.

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CHAPTER XVII.

The Queen's Rangers. A bullet had struck the hand rail, shattering one of the supports, and the

broad steps were scarred and splintered. The man lay face upward, his feet inside the hallway, one side of his head crushed in. He was roughly dressed in woolen shirt and patched smallclothes, and wore gold hoops in his ears, his complexion dark enough for a mulatto, with hands seared and twisted. Surely the fellow was no soldier; he appeared more to me like one who had followed the sea. I stepped over his body, and glanced the length of the hall. The chandelier was shattered, the glass gleaming underfoot, the stair rail broken into jagged splinters, and a second man, shot through the eye, rested half upright propped against the lower step. He was a sandy-bearded fellow, not dressed like the one without, but with a belt about him, containing pistol and knife. His yellow teeth protruding gave his ghostly features a fiendish look. Beyond him a pair of legs stuck out from behind the staircase, clad in long cavalry boots, and above these, barely showing, the green cloth of the Queen's Rangers. Then Grant had not gone when this attack was made, or else he had left some men behind? I dragged the body out into the light so I might see the face—it was the Irishman who had helped in my capture.

I stood staring down at him, and about me into the dismantled room, endeavoring to clear my brain and figure all this out. It was not so difficult to conceive what had occurred, every bit of evidence pointing to a single conclusion. Grant had searched the house for Eric, and discovered no signs of his presence; whatever had subsequently happened between the girl and himself, she had not felt justified in releasing me while he and his men remained. They must have departed soon after dark, well provisioned, upon their long march toward the Delaware, leaving Elmhurst unoccupied except for its mistress and her servants. The fact that neither the lady nor Peter had opened the entrance to the secret staircase would seem to show that the attack on the house must have followed swiftly. It had been a surprise, giving those within no chance to seek for refuge. There had been a struggle at the front door, some of the assailants had achieved entrance through the window, and that had practically ended the affair.

But what had become of Peter? Of the girl? Who composed the attacking party? The Indian had been despatched to Valley Forge with my memoranda; probably Peter, the Irishman, and a negro or two were alone left to defend the house. As to the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

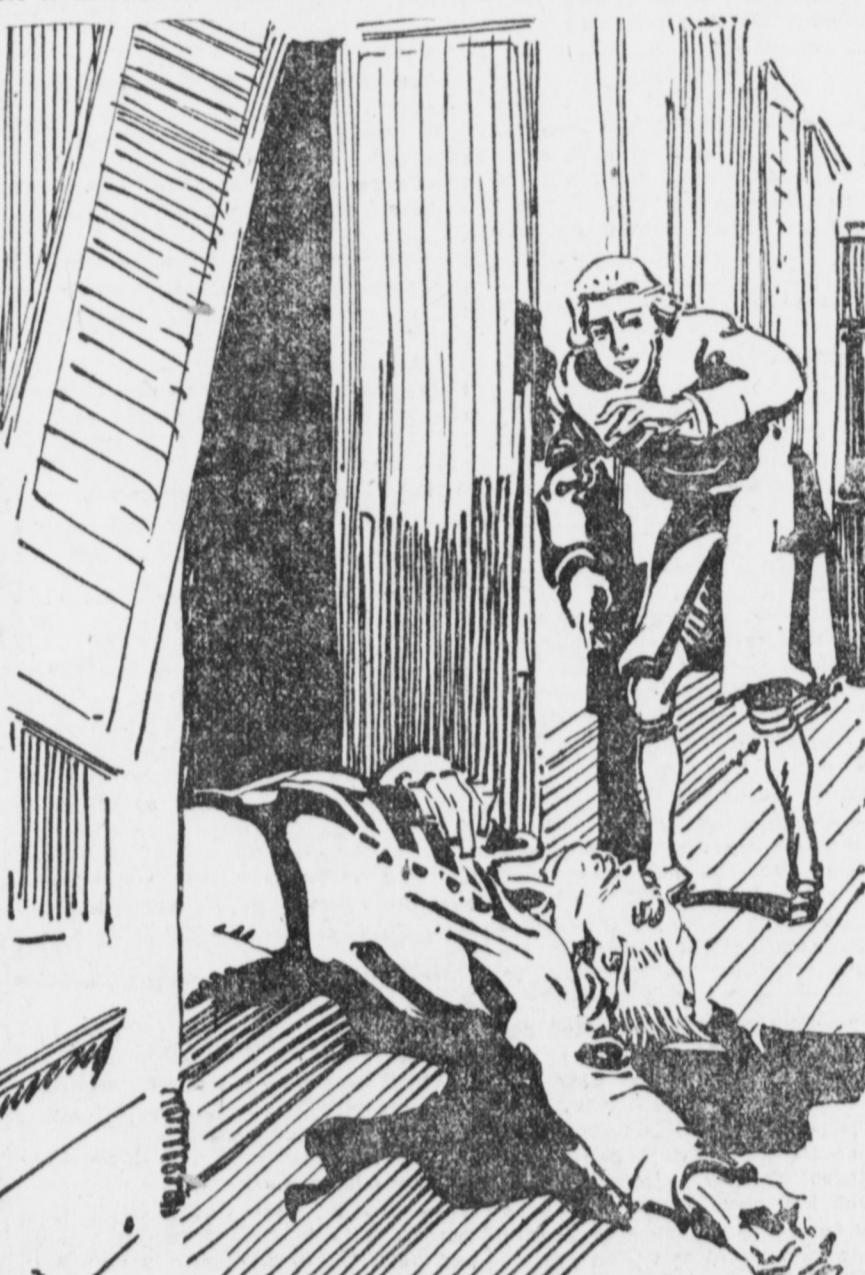
He Speaks Twenty-Three Languages.

Sir Charles Elliot, the newly appointed principal of Hong Kong university, who speaks 23 languages, may probably hold the record as a linguist in these degenerate days. But in the past he would not have borne off the belt so easily. There was Elihu Burritt, for instance, "the Learned Blacksmith," born in Connecticut in 1810, who whilst working as an apprentice at the forge taught himself French, Latin, German, Italian, Greek and Hebrew. During early manhood he mastered Sanskrit, Syriac, Arabic, Norse, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Bohemian and Turkish; then turning his attention to minor languages and dialects, persevered in his studies until he was able to read, write and speak in 60 different ways.

But it took an equal linguist to tell when Elihu Burritt was telling the truth—from the London Chronicle.

Exonerated.

Indignant Passenger (to railway manager)—Here, I say, I got a cinder in my eye from one of your beastly engines, and it cost me 10 shillings for



The Body of a Dead Man Lay Across the Threshold.

Identity of the marauders, I had small doubt; their handwork was too plain to be concealed, and those two dead men remained as evidence. Rough as were

they, they would not stop the

itching and burning of the skin. This

lasted for a month or more. At last I

tried Cuticura Ointment and Soap. They took out the burning and itching

of the skin, soothing it very much and

giving the relief that the others failed

to give me. I used the Cuticura Soap

and Ointment about three weeks and

was completely cured." (Signed) Miss Clara Mueller, Mar. 16, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold

throughout the world. Sample of each

free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address

post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

CERTAINLY ANIMALS THINK.



Dinks—Do you believe that animals think?

Winks—Certainly. Doesn't the car hog who takes up all the seat think he owns the car?

Protected Both Ways.

Two conservative ladies of old-fashioned notions were traveling in the west, and becoming interested in a young girl on the train, finally asked why she was making so long a journey alone. They were greatly shocked at her blithe explanation:

"Well, you see, my mother and step-father live at one end of the journey, and my father and stepmother live at the other. They send me to each other twice a year, so there isn't a bit of danger with four parents all on the lookout!"

PIMPLES COVERED FACE

1613 Dayton St., Chicago, Ill.—"My face was very red and irritated and was covered with pimples. The pimples festered and came to a head. They itched and burned and when I scratched them became sore. I tried soaps and they would not stop the itching and burning of the skin. This

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Submits Tame.

>

"Is Scribner what you would call a struggling author?"

"No, indeed. When an editor puts him out he doesn't offer the slightest resistance."

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

A Woman's Way.

"What sort of woman is she?"

"Why, she's the sort of woman that finds delight in reading all the stuff that's printed about the new babies of the most delectable kind."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children

soothing, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, eases wind colic. Adv.

Pettit's GOOD EYE SORRY EYES Salve

DEFIANCE STARCH starch to work with and marchas clocles aloces

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## GOD WINTER COAT



Photo, Copyright, by Underwood & Underwood Co., N. Y.

A civet fur coat brought into use by the continued high price of fur and skins, and will continue to be popular wear this winter. It is trimmed with a fox collar and cuffs and is of a brown shade. A brown soft velvet hat, a La Cavalier, will complete the costume.

## FAD FOR MASCOT JEWELRY

One of the Prettiest Novelty That Has Been Put Forward for Many Seasons.

She who has money to afford novelties should go in for mascot jewelry. Never has it been more fascinating. Even if you are not superstitious, you are not above a luck charm of some sort.

A safety pin brooch, with a stone in the center, has attached to it by a thin short chain, a lucky tortoise in gold or enamel. The mascot can be further enhanced by using one's birth stone.

A motor bracelet of gold or silver wire can have attached to it various lucky charms, as the lucky rabbit's foot, and horseshoe, and a minute blue bird for happiness as well as safety. Sometimes these lucky pieces are worn around the neck in a fine fold chain, or they form an interesting pendant for the watch fob.

Great favorites are the lucky pig and lucky bear charm, while a novelty for the cat lover is a small bowl in gold chain, or they form an interesting pendant in it and a watchful cat at one side.

A fascinating love charm which comes in circular or heart-shape has on it a plus and minus sign with Anjou above the former and Qu Eier beneath it, while beneath the minus sign is Que Demain, which translated means that the donor's love shall daily be "more than yesterday and less than tomorrow."

The fond father now presents mother with a ring containing the birth stone of each child.

## SMART DRESS



### Oxford Eyeglasses.

If you do not wear your eyeglasses all the time try the new ones that fold like a lorgnette and are worn on a ribbon or chain around the neck. They are called Oxford glasses.

These glasses are large round ones and are good for the eyes. They have a wide, folding gold nosepiece with a patent, firm catch and a narrow gold rim. When closed they look like a monocle. A black ribbon, with gold or jeweled slides, is very fashionable.

### Acceptable Gift.

A woman who has traveled widely says one of the most acceptable gifts one can make to a friend going on a steamer is a box or jar of stuffed prunes. These are rarely given, can be eaten when other fruits are indigestible, and are mildly laxative.

As one authority advises free use of prunes for nervous people, declaring they have a quieting effect, the eating the prunes on shipboard should help to check seasickness—always augmented by "nerves."

### Generous Youth.

"Walter, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you to?" asked the mother.

"Yes, mother," said Walter, "I gave him the seeds. He can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."—*True Home Journal*.

This very graceful dress is in pale gray satin. The skirt is plain and has a short tunic of nimon finished with a narrow silk trimming. The bodice, of satin, is cut Maygar, with short sleeves, the long sleeves being joined on with wrapped seams; the round yoke is of lace. The fuchs is of nimon edged with fringe, and the long ends falling over front of skirt; these are also finished with fringe. Hat of dark gray. Tagel, swathed

## TRAGEDY OF A WIND

By GEORGE I. PALMER.

"Look, Margaret!" said the girl in the toque, sitting up suddenly and staring intently across the crowded waiting room. "Look at that man—the one just getting into the elevator! It's too late. He's gone."

She sank back into her seat. "If he hadn't got away so quickly I should have rushed up to him and asked him to please pull my hair," she remarked pensively.

Her companion looked exasperated. "Helen, you do say the most ridiculous things! Will you kindly tell me why you should want to rush up to any man and ask him to pull your hair?"

The girl in the toque giggled. "Why, yes, I was just going to tell you," she replied.

"You know two years ago last summer, after I had typhoid and had to have my hair cut off, I went up to a farm in Wisconsin to stay a month."

"I know you stayed only a week."

"That's part of my story. One day when I had been up there nearly a week I started out for a long walk in the woods, in the course of my wanderings I came to a lovely little lake with the most beautiful pond lilies floating on it. There was a canoe drawn up on the beach at one end and a little boat house among the trees."

"When does the man come in?"

"All in good time, my dear. I'm leading up to him. I looked all around for somebody the canoe might belong to, and then I decided to borrow it for a few minutes and paddle over and get some lilies, trusting to luck that the owner would be kind enough to stay until I got back."

"Nice, high principled thing to do."

"I paddled over to the lilies and was having a beautiful time gathering a great bunch of them, when I discovered that the paddle was floating around in the water just out of reach. I leaned over as far as I dared, and was clawing for it, when I heard a shout from the shore. A man was gesticulating and gyrating on the beach. 'Hey, look out!' he yelled. 'Wait till I row out and get it!'

"He dashed into the boat house and brought out a rowboat. He rowed over and pushed the paddle within my reach, and I paddled back with him in my wake, feeling the way I used to when I tried to play hooky and got caught."

"And what has all this got to do with hair pulling?" asked the other young woman restlessly.

"Oh, I'm coming to that. After he had helped me out of his canoe and dragged the lilies out, we looked at each other and laughed. He had the most delightful laugh and dark blue eyes and broad shoulders. And then he wanted to know if he 'couldn't carry the lilies home for me, and the first thing I knew we were wandering along through the woods and having a beautiful time."

"You didn't think of asking his name or where he came from before you went strolling through the country with him, I suppose?" suggested the girl who was doing the listening.

"Well, everything went along delightfully," proceeded the girl with the toque, "until just as we reached the farm house where I was staying. Then a nasty little gust of wind came up—there hadn't been a breath of air stirring all day—and blew my hat off. And, my dear, it took my wig with it! You know I had to wear one because I didn't have any hair, and there I stood looking like a sheared sheep."

"He certainly must have known how little I was."

"I don't know what he knew or what he thought, for the minute he brought my hat back I flew into the house and the next day I skipped the country and came back home. I was afraid I would see him again. Now you know why I want to have him pull my hair."

"Oh, Margaret, here he comes back again, right toward—look, the tall one with the gray overcoat!"

"That man! Why, that's Sidney Hollister. I've known him for ages." Before the girl in the toque could stop her the other young woman had intercepted the young man and he was standing smiling down at her.

"Sidney, this is Helen Benedict, and she wants you to pull her hair, please," gurgled Margaret.

"Pull her hair—" the youth began amazebly, then a light dawned in his eyes as he held out his hand eagerly.

"Is it really you? Well, I think you ought to have your hair pulled for the way you treated me that day, and then skipped the country afterward without leaving a trace. I tried to bribe the people at the farm house."

He broke off and then began again. "I won't pull it here in public, but if you'll let Margaret bring me up to see you some day I'll be glad to give it a little tweak and call it square."

" Didn't you really think—"

"That you always wore a wig? Not for a minute—and anyway," audibly, "you weren't such an awful eyesore without it."

### Easily Fitted.

Colonel Jasper, having a new pair of shoes that hurt his corns, decided to give them away to one of the negro bostlers at the hotel liverlystable, and picked out Zeke as a likely object of his generosity when he saw the old fellow shambling toward him wearing a pair of tattered shoes that looked like sandals.

"Zeke, what size shoes do you wear?" he called to him.

The old negro stopped short in expectation.

"Any size, cunnel!" he exclaimed earnestly. "Any size!"—Judge.

### His Real Weed.

"Say, old man, don't get disheartened just because your first investment went wrong; the market is full of good things, and if you will come down to the office I'll give you a pointer." That won't do me any good; what I want is a retriever."

### Latest Horror.

"Every morning," observed the doctor, "over my coffee, I see in the newspaper an account of some motor car accident." "Yes," said the professor, "that's the auto crash of your breakfast table."

### Generous Youth.

"Walter, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you to?" asked the mother.

"Yes, mother," said Walter, "I gave him the seeds. He can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."—*True Home Journal*.

### Emerson.

"Write it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly unless he knows that every day is doom."

### Latest Horror.

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## DID IT ON IMPULSE

By GEORGE H. ROSE.

Garble always has been a creature of impulse. To this he attributes most of his successes and all of his troubles. Whether the troubles overbalanced the successes or not is a delicate subject.

One of his wild impulses swept over Garble's soul as he turned to gaze into the face of an excited bellboy. The bellboy had dashed madly through the hotel lobby and around the cashier's glass cage and then had grabbed Garble by the elbow as he stood counting out bills.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Garble, as the boy stammered with exclamation.

Garble and Rockton had been stopping for a few days at a Chicago hotel. Now they were preparing to depart. They had dropped their bags over on the other side of the lobby as they came downstairs.

The boy had stopped at the door. "I know you stayed only a week."

"That's part of my story. One day when I had been up there nearly a week I started out for a long walk in the woods, in the course of my wandering I came to a lovely little lake with the most beautiful pond lilies floating on it. There was a canoe drawn up on the beach at one end and a little boat house among the trees."

"When does the man come in?"

"All in good time, my dear. I'm leading up to him. I looked all around for somebody the canoe might belong to, and then I decided to borrow it for a few minutes and paddle over and get some lilies, trusting to luck that the owner would be kind enough to stay until I got back."

"Nice, high principled thing to do."

"I paddled over to the lilies and was having a beautiful time gathering a great bunch of them, when I discovered that the paddle was floating around in the water just out of reach. I leaned over as far as I dared, and was clawing for it, when I heard a shout from the shore. A man was gesticulating and gyrating on the beach. 'Hey, look out!' he yelled. 'Wait till I row out and get it!'

"He dashed into the boat house and brought out a rowboat. He rowed over and pushed the paddle within my reach, and I paddled back with him in my wake, feeling the way I used to when I tried to play hooky and got caught."

"And what has all this got to do with hair pulling?" asked the other young woman restlessly.

"Oh, I'm coming to that. After he had helped me out of his canoe and dragged the lilies out, we looked at each other and laughed. He had the most delightful laugh and dark blue eyes and broad shoulders. And then he wanted to know if he 'couldn't carry the lilies home for me, and the first thing I knew we were wandering along through the woods and having a beautiful time."

"You didn't think of asking his name or where he came from before you went strolling through the country with him, I suppose?" suggested the girl who was doing the listening.

"Well, everything went along delightfully," proceeded the girl with the toque, "until just as we reached the farm house where I was staying. Then a nasty little gust of wind came up—there hadn't been a breath of air stirring all day—and blew my hat off. And, my dear, it took my wig with it! You know I had to wear one because I didn't have any hair, and there I stood looking like a sheared sheep."

"He certainly must have known how little I was."

"I don't know what he knew or what he thought, for the minute he brought my hat back I flew into the house and the next day I skipped the country and came back home. I was afraid I would see him again. Now you know why I want to have him pull my hair."

"Well, everything went along delightfully," proceeded the girl with the toque, "until just as we reached the farm house where I was staying. Then a nasty little gust of wind came up—there hadn't been a breath of air stirring all day—and blew my hat off. And, my dear, it took my wig with it! You know I had to wear one because I didn't have any hair, and there I stood looking like a sheared sheep."

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## SHARP PAINS IN THE BACK

Point to Hidden Kidney Trouble.

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Dr. Deimel Linen Mesh  
UNDER  
WEAR!  
For Men and Women  
\$6.50  
Per Suit.

We were selected to represent Dr. Deimel here in Maysville, because the folks here at home told them to sell it through us. If interested send for booklet or call in and see garments. Local reference will be given as to its merits.

**Geo. H. Frank & Co.**  
Maysville's Foremost Clothiers.

**PUBLIC LEDGER**  
MAYSVILLE, KY.

**Purely Personal**

Mrs. O. H. Wood of Houston avenue is visiting friends in Portsmouth, O.

Attorney John L. Chamberlain was in Lexington yesterday on legal business.

Mrs. Mary Smith returned home yesterday after a visit to her sister, Mrs. Anna Holton.

Mrs. Mary M. Andrews of Mansfield, O., is the charming guest of her sister, Mrs. M. C. Russell.

Miss Marguerite Yazzell, accompanied by her father, Dr. W. S. Yazzell, spent Thursday in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Fannie Hays of Augusta was the guest the past week of relatives and friends in Lexington.

Mr. Leon Ball of Huntington, W. Va., is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Edward Mitchell, of East Second street.

Mrs. W. H. Rice of Lewisburg and daughter, Miss Dorothy, are visiting her cousin, Mrs. Henry Paynter, at Vanceburg.

Mr. Garrett B. Wall, assistant to President Stevens of the C. & O., is the guest of his father, Hon. G. S. Wall of West Front street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Faulkner of Lexington have returned home after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Faulkner's brother, Mr. J. T. Smith, of Forest avenue.

Dr. J. C. Devine of the Ohio Dental College, Cincinnati, is spending several days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Devine, of Market street. He will return to the city Monday.

#### "LIVELY AS A BULLDOG"

That's the language uttered by Col. Roosevelt at Chicago last night when asked how he was feeling.

He says he is going to make some lively speeches yet in his campaign.

In the Milwaukee jail, Schrank, the Deputy Sheriff says, told one of his fellow prisoners that he desired the bullet and revolver to be a constant reminder to posterity "of the danger of attempting to violate the third term tradition."

#### MRS. WILKES' BLESSING

Her Dearest Hopes Realized  
— Health, Happiness  
and Baby.

Plattburg, Miss. — Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved very beneficial to me, for now I am well and have a sweet, healthy baby, and our home is happy.

"I was an invalid from nervous prostration, indigestion and female troubles.



"I think I suffered every pain a woman could before I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I think it saved this baby's life, as I lost my first one."

"My health has been very good ever since, and I praise your medicine to all my friends." — Mrs. VERA WILKES, R. F. D. No. 1, Plattburg, Miss.

The darkest days of husband and wife are when they come to look forward to a childless and lonely old age.

Many a wife has found herself incapable of motherhood owing to some derangement of the feminine system, often curable by the proper remedies.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicinal Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a held in strict confidence.

**PRETTY OCTOBER NUPTIALS**  
A pretty wedding was solemnized at high noon yesterday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Grant when their niece, Miss Jeanie Cooper, was united in marriage to Mr. R. C. Knapp.

Promly at the appointed hour the couple, preceded by the attendants, Mr. John D. Grant, Miss Anna M. Furlong, Mr. James Lashbrook and Miss Nellie Grant, entered the room where the near relatives and friends were gathered to witness the impressive ceremony which was performed by Rev. Spates of Flemingsburg.

After receiving congratulations the happy couple left for a tour over the L. & N.

The bride is a popular and attractive young lady and is one of Mason county's progressive teachers.

The groom, also of the county, is a worthy and enterprising young man.

#### JUDGE NEWELL SITS IN THE CALLAHAN HEARING

He Passes Until Today the Motions  
For Bail and Change of  
Venue

JACKSON, KY., October 18th.—Circuit Judge C. D. Newell of Maysville, arrived here today on the 11 o'clock train in obedience to the direction of the Governor, to preside during the preliminary motions in the case of D. F. Deaton and others for the alleged assassination of former Sheriff Ed. Callahan. Judge Newell passed all the motions offered until tomorrow.

Judge Newell called the case at 2 o'clock this afternoon on the writ of habeas corpus directed against A. A. Allen, jailer, and all of the fifteen defendants jointly indicted were brought into court.

The central figure in the group on the side of the prosecution was the black-robed Mrs. Linda Gross, only daughter of Ed. Callahan, who sat motionless, but with apparent deep concern.

#### Latest News

Congressman R. M. Switzer of Gallop will address the voters of Rome next Monday night.

WILMINGTON, DEL., October 17th.—The threat made by an Italian to "shoot Wilson the same as Roosevelt was shot," resulted in a large number of policemen being distributed through the 3,000 people at the Opera-house when the Governor spoke here tonight.

C. G. Spencer, professional of St. Louis, broke the Rosedale, Ky., record Thursday while shooting in the interstate trapshooter's tourney by hitting the target 122 consecutive times without miss. Spencer led the professionals in the singles with a score of 197 out of a possible 200.

Spring turkeys are coming to the Cincinnati market. Retail prices are ranging from 28 cents to 30 cents a pound. According to the commission merchants, who have been in the country points getting a line on the crop of turkeys, the crop will be larger this year than last season.

#### Latest Markets.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.  
Following are this morning's quotations on country produce, telephoned at 9 o'clock by E. L. Mandelsohn, Manager of the Keystone Commercial Company:

Eggs, lossoff, per dozen..... 33  
Butter..... 180  
Turkeys..... 125  
Hens, 1/2 lb. .... 40  
Springers, 1/2 lb. each..... 105  
Old Roosters..... 53

CINCINNATI MARKETS.  
CINCINNATI, Oct. 18, 1912.

Shipments..... 88 24/25 85  
Extra..... 87 65/68 25  
Hatcher Steers, extra..... 87 04/07 75  
Good to choice..... 86 10/27 50  
Common to fair..... 85 24/26 40  
Heifers, extra..... 85 24/26 40  
Good to choice..... 85 06/08 30  
Common to fair..... 85 02/04 75  
Cows, extra..... 85 24/26 45  
Good to choice..... 85 75/85 25  
Common to fair..... 85 50/60 40  
Cannons..... 82 50/65 75  
Hulls, bologna..... 84 50/65 00  
Extra..... 85 10/25 15  
Fat bulls..... 85 00/05 50

Cattle..... 10 50/10 75  
Fair to good..... 85 50/60 25  
Common and large..... 85 50/60 00

Hogs..... 85 00/05 05  
Packer and butchers..... 85 00/05 00  
Mixed packers..... 85 00/05 90  
Stags..... 84 25/28 75

Heavy fat sows..... 85 25/28 15  
Extra..... 85 25/28 00  
Lightshipers..... 85 00/05 75  
Extra, 110 pounds and less..... 85 00/05 75

Sheep..... 85 00/05 50  
Good to choice..... 85 00/05 40  
Common to fair..... 85 00/05 00

Lamb..... 85 75/85 00  
Good to choice..... 85 20/25 00  
Common to fair..... 84 25/30 15  
Yearlings..... 85 00/05 15

Wheat..... 1 05/1 11  
No. 2 red..... 1 05/1 07  
No. 3 red..... 7 05/1 00

Corn..... 8 70/8 71  
No. 3 yellow..... 8 65/7 07  
No. 3 mixed..... 8 65/7 07

Oats..... 8 37/39 50  
No. 5 mixed..... 8 35/37 50

W. H. MACKOY,  
Sheriff of

## CHURCH NOTES

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., J. B. Wood, Superintendent.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.

Christian Endeavor at 6:15 p. m.

The public is cordially invited and will be warmly welcomed to these services.

REV. R. L. BENN, Pastor.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., A. M. J. Cochran, Superintendent.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.

Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Thursday night at 7 p. m.

Every one cordially invited.

REV. JOHN BARBOUR, Pastor.

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Morning service at 10:45 a. m.

Evening service at 7:00 p. m.

All seats free at all services.

REV. J. H. FIELDING, Rector.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

You are cordially invited to all of these services.

REV. M. S. CLARK, Pastor.

THIRD STREET M. E. CHURCH.

Services tomorrow as follows:

Preaching by the pastor at 10:45 a. m.

And at 7 p. m. Morning service, "The Influence of Literature," evening, "You Were Once Young Yourself."

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., I. M. Lane, Superintendent.

The Sunday-school will meet also at 2 p. m. to arrange for the Rally Day service to take place one morning from tomorrow.

Epworth League devotional service at 6:15 p. m. led by Miss Martha Austin. Topic, "Selecting Disciples; the Material and the Plan for the Structure."

REV. W. W. SHEPARD, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school at 9:15 a. m., J. W. Bradner, Superintendent.

Men's Class meets in the Sunday-school room at this hour. A cordial invitation is given the men of the Church to attend this class.

Service at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Christian Endeavor 6:45 p. m., J. T. Kackley, President. All of the members urged to be present.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7 p. m.

A welcome awaits those attending these meetings.

REV. ROGER L. CLARK, Pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.

B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Thursday night at 7 o'clock.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

REV. J. M. HAYMORE, Pastor.

SECOND M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening at 7 p. m.

Preaching on the second, fourth and fifth Sundays at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m.

We earnestly invite you to attend all these services.

J. W. SIMPSON, Pastor.

ROBERTSON'S HICKORYNUT CROP  
Mt. Olivet Tribune.

Somebody has made an estimate of the value of Robertson county's hickorynut crop at \$2 a bushel and places it at \$60,000. Every hickory tree and bush is loaded with nuts this year. There are also thousands of bushels of black walnuts and butternuts or white walnuts. The hazelnut bushes are also full.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED PLANNING MILL MAN

FOR MACHINE AND BEACH WORK AT THE MASON LUMBER CO., SECOND AND LIMESTONE STREETS, CINCINNATI.

WANTED—ARMY OF GRADUATES RUNNING SHOPS DEPENDING UPON US FOR MACHINES.

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